

The Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE HEART'S APPEAL.

Reported woodpecker of wisdom, say,
It is indeed a crime To climb

The sacred, but delighful road
That leads to Love?

Loveliest of that lovely rose,
Who like the laughter-fostered flowers,

Young June, is her gay wantoness,
First smiling upon with witching pow'r,

Adorn this dreary world of ours;

Then, fairer than the fairest forms,
To angels in their bumber giv'n;

Or Love's enthusiasm warms
With glances of an earthly heav'n.

List, sweet one, listen to the song
Of one, whose only fault has been

To dwell too deeply, and too long,
On our bright image—till the scene

Has awaken'd such a spell within,

The e's the fount of life would seem

Conquer'd all in that much-lov'd theme!

And one, whose only boast, whose pride
Hath been, that had rightly bow'd

Down to one only shrine, and paid

The offerings that his heart had vow'd

To its dear idol, beauty!

By laser beams!

'Twas a braw,

A bonny, sprightly as the snow

On Christmas—a sparkling eye—

Are these, there were their Duty!

Worshipping the light their beauty gave,

As eagles bask in the crimson wave,

And drink of the flood, whose golden dye

Mingles the blush of the sunset sky;

And even in dreams,

When the proud and the haughty spirit meets

Sprawling at base control, to bid

In mockery, overing, and the jars

O' warning elements reude;

And bounding upward, till the stars

Lie in the distance, with surprise;

View it stains blushed with the skies;

Where to might well have m'd—that young,

That holy spirit, bid to raise

In 'tortion'd form, both fondly hung,

Lingered around that darling spot,

Whence its hope lay hid, as though

It were a mirage to baw!

Where that one object craved not!

O, it is hard, when every thought

Is haunted, like that, withing hour

Be spires mounted, and fraught

With shuddering things—when every pa'v,

When Life, Sleep, Slum'rer are all dorg'd;

And o'er'm'ry, prone to be

Of the long past an epione,

Brenzant, records but the since

One being met thus cognizance.

O, it is hard then to find

That one no passimiles, unkind,

So heartless, or so insensit;

Love hath no habitation there!

But oh! more cruel far, to feel

That every smile, and every token

The heart has cherished in its seal,

And register'd in words whisper;

And that the passion, breming sighs,

Are but the garb of coquetry!

I will not say that thou art such!

I would not call thee pride or coquette,

Thine heart is tenderness—the touch

Of nature on thy braw hath spoke it!

And who that saw thee would revile h?

O who, from that pale cheek of thine,

Would rob the lily of its down?

Mirth has its volatice, thou art mise,

O melancholy I and thine hour

Of contemplation is to me,

Heaven's best, rich gift, supreme felicity!

All! I ought not to complain;

I have not nouse wherewith to chide thee;

And yet this foolish heart would fain

Believe thou selfish! Come I bid thee,

But this trembling tongue to say,

Since thou can't love but one, that he,

Of thy young heart the fire and chine,

For me should be forgotten? Nay!

The claim that partial friendship throws on

Lay like these, are but the ray

The lightning's glorious path, that glows on,

Bright, perhaps, but soon away;

Still, still, its voice, however lowly,

Is far too prou to do them wrong!

Would to gods to deeme them so unlity—

To call them faithless!

But my song

Is ended now, and one weak prayer,

(The last that shall distill these more)

The tearful mane would fain prefer,

In mirth or in woe;

In grief or glee,

May thou, sweet creature, never know

The pangs that torture me.

SENEX.

The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.

Oh! where is Heaven? 'tis inner order,

And where the passage to the skies,

Nor rugged nor uneven!

How distant seems the portal gate,

Bolt high upon the future state.

That opens the way to heaven!

Here on this earth, in ev'ry day,

We sinners cannot hope to win

A state of high holiness;

But when death comes with awful stride,

We by our latest sins aside,

And wing our way to rest.

Thus far! and think they heaven to win,

Proud and torment'd with thy sins!

To rank with saints in light!

Know, that through trials, long and deep,

They soul must painful rig'ls keep,

O'er all the realms of night.

Seek then thy passions well in earth,

Nor let no evil thoughts distract,

Nor slight induce to sin;

Then patiently possess thy soul,

And heaven at hand will soon control

Her kingdom found within.

TO MISS L. J.
Well, be it so, I could not wish
That thou shouldest break thy vow;
I could not wish that thou shouldest feel
The pang that pierces me now;
But O! I wish thy life may be
A fearless source of bliss to thee.
I will not weep for wilde' joy,
Nor mourn over Fate's desours;
But ever, till life's latest hour,
I'll think on the vital spark that fled,
Thy memory shall be cherished.

THE MORALIST.

AN EXTRACT.

"We read in the elaborate works of Theologians, and we hear in the declamations from the Pulpit, of the scheme of man's salvation!—of the system of religion!—of the plan of redemption! and other such like phrases, which, though not found in the Bible, have become so familiar to our minds by the frequency of their use, as to acquire the character of truth, and pass current as texts from holy writ. It requires some exertion of the mental faculties, and some degree of abstraction, to enable us to detect the fallacious nature of these hollow propositions, which, in truth, have no existence whatever in the nature of things; and are only tenanted by dogmatists in their attempts to impose their own unpredictable cogitations for religious experience. We hear of schemes in religious obligations; and truly, if it were not for the forced construction put by the authors themselves, to bear upon religious subjects, we might innocently believe them to be mere lottery-polls—to which, in some measure, they bear very strong resemblance. A scheme contrived for the redemption of men, which produced that produced the adoption of the principles (if they can be called principles) which this lady has been running up and down the land so assiduously to disseminate, is there reason for the conclusion, that now, at least, she is under as great a delusion as any of her followers. We are inclined to believe the credit of an unworthy one. She became acquainted with Mr. Imley, an American by birth. Captivated by the liberal sentiments and high and generous feelings of which he made profession, and considering his probability as realizing, in some degree, the best ideal of her fancy, she lavished upon this man the full exuberance of her heated affections. Forgetting the matrimonial bond, and relying solely upon the tie of mutual regard, which she fondly believed would be all enduring, this infatuated woman lived with him for some years in open defiance of the institutions of society; utterly reckless of the stain upon her reputation, and apparently unconscious of the trial thence on which her happiness rested. The neglects of Imley, who began to be satisfied with her acquirement, and absented himself for long spaces of time under pretense of business, roused her from her delusions of security. Her attachment to him was so intense that she once thought herself fortunate in finding a stimulant to her ardor in the efforts of Miss Frances Wright, as the confidence she possessed in the truth of her system. I will now direct the attention of the reader to a lady superior in genius, similar in sentiment, and equal to her in the enthusiasm which is unconvinced by experience, and undiminished by defeat!—of the spirit of whose writings she has evidently drank deep, and from whom she has derived most of her opinions relative to the parts that women should assume in the drama of life.

Mary Wollstonecraft was born in or near London, on the 27th of April, 1759. Her father was a farmer, in rather indigent circumstances, and her school education did not differ materially from that of most young girls in her rank of life. Deficiencies were made up, however, by a quick perception, a thirst of knowledge, and the instructions of a neighboring clergyman, by the name of Clare. Her father appears to have been a man of unstable character and irritable temper, and his treatment, or desire of independence, induced her to leave her home, and become the companion of a lady at Bath. After an absence of about two years, the declining health of her mother occasioned her return. She remained until she closed the eyes of her suffering parent. As her father had now become reduced to extreme poverty, she and her sister opened a day school, which did not succeed according to her wishes. In 1785 she made a voyage to Portugal, to visit an intimate friend who had gone to the southern climate for the recovery of her health. She arrived in time to soothe her last hours. She afterwards found her in the situation of governess of Viscount Kingsborough, an Irish peer.

The first work she published was a pamphlet of one hundred and sixty pages, entitled "Thoughts on the Education of Daughters;" which she makes the vehicle of her own feelings, and in which she details some of the incidents of her life. She was the authoress of a book for children called "Original Stories from Real Life." Having made herself mistress of several of the modern languages, she translated from the French, Neckermann's Elements of Morality; and she abridged Lavater on Physiognomy, and Sallmann's Elements of Moral Philosophy; and she altered from the Dutch, a work entitled "The Young Grandison." Indefatigably persevering, while engaged in these literary labors she was a frequent contributor to the Analytical Review, and compiled "The Female Reader," which had for its model the popular school-book, "Enfield's Speaker." Her industry does not appear to have been scantly compensated, and what is commendable to her liberality, she contributed to the support of her surviving parent, and took charge of the orphan child of a deceased friend.

The French Revolution was an event well calculated to kindle the imagination and rouse the energies of so enthusiastic an individual as her heroine. Accordingly, when Burke published his very eloquent, very sophistical, and very impudent "Reflections," she took the field with an ardour equal to his own, and was the first that appeared with an answer to this zealous advocate of establishments and privileged orders. This work, which developed a powerful, but betrayed a visionary mind, obtained a considerable share of public attention, and extended, if it did not in all respects improve, her reputation. It was not long before she came out with the extraordinary book to which she is indebted for her existing celebrity. In her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," she pleads to term "The Rights of Woman," and she left behind her a number of unfinished writings, among which was a manuscript entitled "The Wrongs of Woman"—of the same stamp as her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman."

The life of Mary Wollstonecraft reads us an important lesson. It affords us an evidence of the insufficiency—of the corrupting tendency of the opinions she endeavored to inculcate—a demonstration of the vast accession to individual virtue and happiness, and the incalculable benefit to society, which must flow from that system of infidelity which such very active ex-

erted; and not infrequently obscure in its energy; the attacks with more vehemence than discreditation; she advances her arguments in support of her half-truths with unfeigned boldness; she shrinks not from discussions hardly conceivable to our ideas of female delicacy; in the infamy of her indignation at the supposed degeneracy of the sex—in the deal with which she upholds their claim to a natural equality with men, and their right to a participation in the duties and privileges usually engrossed by him, (many of which, by the by, she should rejoice at being exempt from,) it will be admitted by all who preserve a small portion of their stock of common sense untouched by the contagion of her enthusiastick excitement, that she frequently extends her course until she loses her way, and commences a number of extravagancies. The effect of this medley of reasoning and rhapsody upon the mind of more susceptibility than judgment, must be puerile in the extreme. Many parts of it have a tendency to inflame the passions: of social order, and raising them to arms against the best support of moral rectitude, but that they should carry their offspring with them—
that their young and expanding minds might imbibe the poison of infidelity, vice, and misery.

It is painful to contemplate this perversion of understanding, prostitution of ability, and waste of being—feeling that, properly directed, and judiciously applied, would have given an irresistible charm to a better cause—it is still more so to observe the practical result of her doctrines upon the minds of all the influences of reason and religion to keep them in due subjection. Of this, poor Mary presents us with a melancholy instance. In 1792 she went to France,—"to lose," as she said, "in public happiness, the sense of private misery." Here she renewed an acquaintance with Thomas Paine and Miss Helen Maria Williams; and here the love of which she speaks in her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman" in such language as this—"that romantic passion which is the concomitant of genius, who can slip his wing!" Not proportioned to the puny enjoyments of life, it is only true that this woman had a taste for the puerile, and for the trifling, and for the gaudy, and for the showy, and for the ornate, and for the gaudy, and for the showy, and for the ornate, and for the gaudy, and for the showy,

Commander Doctor, his officers and crew, arising from the surprise of the fog to the day-light, under the heavy batteries of Tripoli. Although sensible, as a general rule, of the impropriety of Executive interference under a Government like ours, where every individual enjoys the right of privately petitioning Congress, yet, viewing this case as one of a very peculiar character, I deem it my duty to recommend to your favorable consideration. Besides the judges of this cause, as corresponding to those which have been since recognized and satisfied, it is the fruit of a deep and sincere effort into our infant Navy, and constructed as much as any explicit in its history, to elevate our national character. Public gratitude, therefore, stands her head up, and the need should not be slight which may hereafter operate as stimulus to our gallant sons.

I now commend you, fellow citizens, to the guidance of Almighty God, with a full reliance on his merciful provision for the maintenance of our free institutions, and with an earnest supplication, that, whatever errors it may be my lot to commit, in discharging the arduous duties which have devolved on me, will find a ready in the harmony and wisdom of your counse-

ANDREW JACKSON.

The Post.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1820.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The fourth No. of the Essay on the Military System, is unavoidably deferred until next week.

Red Jacket's Appeal, shall be published in our next.

On a Friend, is filed for insertion.

We are disposed to oblige as far as we can, but most of the Obituary notices sent us are entirely too long.

We must beg the indulgence of Algeron and R. until next week.

An interview with K. N. L. is requested.

On another page will be found the *President's Message*. The space occupied by this interesting document has somewhat interfered with the usual variety of our paper, but we are satisfied that its sterling merit will render it an acceptable substitute even to those who are most fond of lighter matter.

The despatch with which the *Message* was brought to this city, is almost unprecedented, and great credit is due to Mr. Resende for his enterprising efforts.

We are sorry to observe a Resolution offered by Mr. James, in the House of Representatives of this state, which proposes the taxation of bonds and mortgages and money out at interest. The effect of such a tax would, it appears to us, be very much the reverse of what is probably anticipated by the mover of the resolution. He cannot have in view the principle of extorting from those who are already impoverished, supplies for carrying on the Government, while the rich are left untouched. The operation of such a tax as is proposed, would, of course, fall exclusively upon the mortgagor and borrower. The money lender would stipulate for the payment, by the borrower, of the tax, as well as the interest.

—Thus, in case of mortgages, an additional tax would, in effect, be imposed upon land as a penalty upon its owner for being ill able to pay that which it was already subjected in common with other real estate. We trust that no measure so directly calculated to oppress and harass the poor, and to throw the burthen of taxation upon those who are least able to bear it, will ever be favourably received in the Legislature of a State whose citizens pride themselves upon their republican principles. If taxation must be resorted to, let it be laid on fair and equal grounds—let every man pay in proportion to his means, and not to his want of them.

The views which we have taken of this matter, are not based merely upon general principles or speculations. We are not without experience, in this district, of the effect of similar measures. Thus, *Ground Rents* are the subject of taxation distinct from the estate from which they issue. The consequence has been, that, over since the tax has been thus laid, an express covenant has been inserted in *Ground Rent Deeds*, providing for the payment, by the tenant, of all taxes, as well on the rent as on the land.

If there should appear hereafter to be any danger of the passage of an act adopting the ideas contained in Mr. James' resolution, we shall refer to the subject again, and more at large. We never could suffer such a law to receive the sanction of the Legislature, without protesting against it, as a violation equally of the principles of a republic, and of all those which ought to prevail in the imposition of taxes under any form of government. We trust that if the subject should be referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, they will make such a report as will put an end to a scheme so fraught with injurious consequences to the poorer classes, who are entitled to protection and redress and sought not to be subjected to oppression and extortion by their more fortunate fellow citizens.

MADRINA, Oct. 29, 1820.

A most extraordinary and horrid deed, worthy of St. Bartholomew's day in France, has been committed here this week. The Governor of the Island, and the other Migueite authorities, knowing that the 13th Regiment of infantry was inclined to Constitutionalism, bribed the commissioner who was charged with furnishing bread to the troops, to poison the bread for that regiment. A hundred soldiers fell immediately the effects of the poison, and were carried to the hospital. The news soon spread; the remainder of the regiment rebelled, and arrested the commissioner. The 2d of infantry and the artillery, (regiments rather attached to Don Miguel,) unexpectedly took the side of the 13th. On the 26th, the troops besieged the palace of the Governor, in order to arrest a major supposed to be concerned in the transaction, but he escaped on board a corvette. The greatest confusion prevails. It is expected that the revolted troops will proclaim Dona Maria 2d.

It is said almost with certainty, that this attempt was committed by order of the old Queen and her son Don Miguel.

In vain. People will not attend the Theatre except on the benefit night of some Star, who has no real claim upon their good opinion, and then they rush in crowds, while the Manager and regular Stock performers are left to shift for themselves, and their appeals to the public are entirely disregarded.

Such is likewise the case at Arch St. An excellent and well-filled company are suffered to languish, for want of patronage, but the moment a boisterous tragedian appears, the public are all on tip-toe, and during his engagement the house is literally crammed. This state of things is any thing but creditable to the feelings of our citizens, and the sooner it is amended the better. If they mean to crush all theatrical establishments, let them withdraw their support at once, and entirely; but let them not fill the pockets of a single individual with thousands of dollars, while a whole community of much more deserving performers receive no substantial mark of their favour.

M. ANDREWS.

We observe this gentleman has announced his intention of taking a benefit, on Monday next, at the Arch street theatre. Few men—none, indeed, within our recollection—have been more generally admired, or more really deserving of admiration, in the line of parts he has chosen, than Mr. Andrews. His low comedy characters, while they are depicted with great natural humor, are never spoilt by that coarse and disgusting vulgarity which too many performers consider essential to good acting; and in melodrama, in certain parts of which he particularly excels, he avoids unmeaning rant and grimace, preferring to give the spirit and meaning of his author, to the methods generally practised, of gaining applause from the visitors of the gallery.

The selections which Mr. Andrews has made for Monday evening, are creditable to his taste, and cannot fail, connected with his general merits, to draw him a good house. *The School of Reform* is an excellent comedy, and the part of Robert Tyke is one in which the powers of Mr. A. will be exhibited to great advantage. The coach Mr. Randa will put on this line, is very large, resembling the public coaches that run up Broadway, New York.

On Monday afternoon, a man on horseback, in Arch street about Eighth, rode over a child who was crossing the street; the little sufferer was taken up and carried into a dwelling house in the vicinity.

The Massachusetts Journal says—The number of families in Boston, who have been ruined by the law of this Commonwealth making each member of manufacturing corporations liable for all the debts of the same, is truly appalling! Such devastation in time of peace, has rarely, if ever, been witnessed!

Nearly four hundred dollars have been paid for winding up the clock in the Mayor's room of the New York City Hall.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Morning Herald states, that West's first historical painting, the "Death of Socrates," is in the possession of John J. Henry, residing near Easton, Pa.

The number of convicts in the Georgia Penitentiary, on the 30th of September last, was 92.

It appears from the New York American that the Delaware and Hudson canal is in full operation, and delivering daily at tide 200 tons of coal, which is sold readily at 9 dollars as fast as it arrives.

The opening of 5000 ft. for the best steam carriage for Railways was awarded at Liverpool to Mr. Robert Stephenson, of New Castle. His machine has been tried again, and drew the enormous weight of twenty tons, at the rate of eighteen to twenty miles per hour.

The opening of the Dismal Swamp Canal is said to have had a very salutary effect on the trade of Norfolk. Large additional quantities of staple articles now find a market in that town.

The District Court of the United States was opened on Savannah on Tuesday, the 24th ult., according to adjournment, but no case being on the docket, and the Attorney stating in his place, that there was nothing for trial, the jury was discharged without having been impanelled.

A letter from Charleston to a gentleman in August, says—"Our principal Engineer, Horatio Allen, Esq. from New York, has arrived, and is now locating the first five miles of the Rail Road near this City."

Edward Lloyd, a very extensive farmer of Talbot County, Eastern Shore, Md. has raised on his farm three eighty-five thousand bushels of Corn—all of the best quality—a much larger crop than has ever been raised on the same ground.

The Camden, S. C. Journal, calculates that the loss, by the late fire, amounts nearly to \$200,000.

Combination 18 49, a prize of \$1,925, and \$1,49, \$500, sold yesterday by N. Canfield & Co. No. 22 South Third street.

Passage laws... 10,745 19
Militia and exempt fines... 3,000 71
Tin Pedlar's licenses... 210 00
Escorts... 74 24

Commissioners of the internal improvement fund... 200,000 00

Lands and land office fees... 5,211,228 38

Old debts and miscellaneous... 9,735 58

Balance in the treasury 1st December, 1820... 189,815 46

\$3,800,189 49

PAYMENTS.

Internal improvements... 3,049,893 01

Expenses of government... 812,500 00

Militia expenses... 17,730 00

Passage fines... 27,800 00

Interest on loans... 16,702 48

Internal improvement fund... 91,725 00

Pennsylvania claims... 978 92

State Map... 545 27

Penitentiary at Philadelphia... 6,000 00

Penitentiary near Pittsburg... 8,500 00

Conveying convicts... 41 18

Conveying fugitives... 287 58

Leases of Bridges... 2,500 00

Miscellaneous... 17,650 16

Balance in the treasury 1st December, 1820... 175,375 91

\$3,800,189 49

WHOLESALE POISONING AT MADEIRA.

By the following extract of a letter from Madeira, it will be seen that a horrid act has recently been committed there:

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ANNUALS FOR 1820.

FOR sale by J. G. AUNER, Bookseller and Stationer, No. 333 Market street, below Ninth street—

ANNUALS.—Friendship's Offering Keepsake, Atlan-

tique Souvenir, Tales, Poems, Little Grammar,

Sæcæs in America, Asia and Africa, Big and Small

and Heads, Sketches, Pictures, and Stories, Regions, &c., &c., &c., &c., of Holy, French,

Gauly Tongue, Tales of a Grandfather, Peter Parley, French & Spanish, Young Artist, New Castle, Maria's Reward, Young Jewess, Pink Tippet, Lucy, Little Hours, Edwin and Henry, American Sketches, &c., &c.

Also, a general assortment of Medical, Miscellaneous, School, Juvenile and Blank Books, on the lowest terms.

dec. 12-24

THEATRICALS.

We know not why it is,—but certainly the good people of Philadelphia seem very little dis-

posed to patronize the drama this season. All

that can be done by industry, perseverance and

talent, has been put in requisition at both of the

theatres, and the experiments made, and the ex-

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Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

ELBERT.

Such people's opinions give
and tell us what we should know;
If you have any taste in school,
Please to sit down there now.
BOB AND HIS WIFE.
Bob has a name, and he's got his name,
His wife's old and ugly, and she's got none;
They have quite contrasted and free from all strife,
With Bob, the ploughman, and Judy, his wife.

As the more striv'd the east, and the west fled away,
They would rise up, fatigued refreshed for the day;
The last of the last as it sat on the gale,
From Bob at the plough, and his wife at the post.

A small little cottage in front of a grove,
Where in youth they gave up their young hearts to love,
Was the abode of age, and to them doubly dear,
And lived up the past with a smile or a tear.

Each tree had in thought, and the world could import,
That mingled in youth the warm wish of the heart?
The snow was still there and the blossoms it bore,
And the song from its top, seemed the same as before.

When the captain at night over nature was spread,
And he had returned from his plough to his shed,
Left the door at her nest, he reported from all care,
With wife and his young ones contented were there.

I have passed by the door when the evening was gray,
And the hill and the landscape were fading away,
And died from the cottage with grateful aspiration,
The voice of thanksgiving, like incense arise.

And I thought of the proud, who would look down with
own eyes,
On the next little cottage, the grove and the thorn,
And left that the riches and follies of life,
Were done to contentment, like Bob and his wife.

THE KISS.—FROM THE FRENCH.
Thanks to my gentle absent friend,
A kiss, you in your letter send,
But still the thrilling charm is lost,
In kisses that arrow by post,
That fruit can only taste be,
When gathered moving from the tree.

The custom of using laud compounds furnished Bob Johnson with an opportunity of showing his satire and his learning together. These are the words on which he speaks sometimes as "un-in-breath-utterable." Bob mentions an opinion against the Sophists, which is preserved at Athens, and is made up of compounds "a mile long." He presents us with a Latin translation by Joseph Scaliger, which may be thus rendered in English:

"Laudophiles,
Nostrotheandowers,
Bagnodtheandowers,
Diedandallowers,
Olkissintheandowers,
Barfinttheandowers,
Nighspenittheandowers;
Crafttheandowers."

READING PAPERS.
An honest farmer was asked why he did not take a paper. "Because," said he, "my father when he died—rest his soul—left me a good many papers; and I have not read them all through yet." Quite excusable.

DR. JOHNSON AND MRS. THRALE.
The first time Dr. Johnson was in company with Mrs. Thrale, neither the elegance of his conversation, nor the depth of his knowledge, could prevent that lady's being shocked at his manners. Among other pieces of indecorum, his tea not being sweet enough, he clapped his fingers into the sugar-dish, and supplied himself instead of placing his cup and saucer upon the table, he threw them both very calmly under the grate. The whole tea-table was thrown into confusion. Mrs. Thrale screamed out, "Why, doctor, what have you done?" You have spoiled the handsome set of china I have in the world!" "I am sorry for it, madam," answered Dr. Johnson, "but I assure you I did it out of pure good-breeding; for, from your treatment of the sugar-dish, I supposed you would never touch any thing again that I once soiled with my fingers."

AN ACTIVE SCHOOLMASTER.
According to the German Pedagogic Magazine, (vol. 3, page 407) died lately, in Suabia, a schoolmaster, who for one and fifty years, superintended a large institution with the old-fashioned severity. From an average inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the Ushers has calculated that, in the course of his exertion, he has given 914,500 earnings; 124,000 doppings; 209,000 custodes; 186,000 tips with the ruler; 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks to get by heart. It was further calculated, that he had made 700 boys stand on pears; 600 knell on a sharp edge of wood; 5000 wear the foot's cap, and 1,700 hold the rod. How east the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse educator! But we are growing more humane, as Martial says, Ferule tristes, scapula dagorum, cessant.

"Oh the troubles, the trials, and the vexations of an Editor!" exclaims the Editor of the Newport Spectator. "He had presented to him, it appears, for publication, by a fond father, 'a poem of poetry,' written by his son, which he recommended as 'better than I've seen'd in your paper.' The editor, not exactly agreeing with him, began to make excuse, when the enraged father ordered his paper instantly stopped! The mail had just arrived and brought a letter—

"Well, thought we, now for a 'feast of reason,' a letter, sound, here must be cash, and in our eagerness to be offering the ready rhino, we did not notice those very cooling words and figures—"I'm" undercharged, 75; but proceeded to commit a quare clause, when out rolled a silver half dollar and two copper, very neatly done on a stenciled piece of brown paper; and the following very comforting words we were enabled, after much trouble, to decipher:

"Mr. Printer, Esq.—I've taken your paper one year and a little over four months, I paid for one year when I began, so I need you the half sum as I make it, and want to have it stopped. Yours to serve,—"

TOOTHACHE.

Let those who choose, try it. Put a piece of fine, about the size of a walnut, to a part bottle of water; with the rince the mouth two or three times a day and clean the teeth, using the water every morning. If it taste strong, dilute it, for it should be just strong enough to taste the fine, and no stronger. I was tormented with the toothache for some weeks, till I used the mixture, but have never had it since.

TRANSPLANTING TURNIPS.

For many years I have now turnips seeds on any little vacant spot, and when the plants had two or three leaves, planted them out by a line, in regular rows. Nothing can succeed better, or produce finer roots; hardly one is wasted.

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